

Philosophy, the Best
A N K

Address of Thanks
FROM THE
Society of Rakes,

To the pious Author of
*An Essay upon improving and adding to
the Strength of Great Britain and Ire-
land by Fornication.*

To which is added,
An EPISTLE to the said Author, by a
another Hand.

*Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.
HORAT.*



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ADDRESS of Thanks

FROM THE

Society of Rakes.

*We Noblemen, Barons and Burgessees
of the foresaid Class, to the Reve-
rend Philosark, Greeting.*



HANKS and Renown be ever thine,

O daring *sensible* DIVINE,

Who in a few learn'd Pages,

Like great *Columbus*, now discovers

A pleasing World to a' young Lovers,

Unkend to by-past Ages.

Down, down with the *Repenting-Stools*,

That gart the Younkers look like Fools

Before the Congregation;

Since thou, *learn'd Youth*, of rising Fame,

Proves that there's neither Sin nor Shame

In simple *Fornication*.

A 2

Now

Now Lads laugh a', and take your Wills,
 And scowp around like Tups and Bulls,
 Have at the bony Lassies:
 For Conscience has nae mair to say,
 Our Clergy-man has clear'd the Way,
 And proven our Fathers Asses.

Our Donard Dads, snool'd with their Wives,
 To girn and scart our wretched Lives
 Till Death, bound to a fixt ane.
 But now as free as Cocks and Sparrows,
 We lawfully may shift our Marrows,
 And wheel round to the next ane.

Thus any mettled Man may have,
 Between his Cradle and his Grave,
 By lawfu' Fornication,
 Bairns mony mae, with far less Din,
 Thus free, and be mair usefu' in
 His Day and Generation.

THUS we may PATRIOTISM shaw,
And serve our Country ane and a',

By fruitfu' Propagation:

Thus will we bravely Man our Fleet,
Thus make our Regiments a' complete,
And clear frae Debts the Nation,

HENCE shall we never mair hear tell
Of Lasses leading Apes in Hell,

Like them wha aften harl'd
Ane useless Life up to Fourscore,
Leal Maids, and scarcely kend wherefore
They were sent to the Warld.

THE Mimmett now, without a Blush,
May speer, if any Bill through

Has Fancy for her Beauty;
For since the Awband's rane away,
The bony Lais has nought to say
Against a *moral Duty*.

ADULTERY is the warst of Crimes,
And calls for Vengeance on these Times,

As practis'd in this Nation:
But that vile Sin can be no more,
When **MARRIAGE** is turn'd out of Door,
By franker *Fornication*.

PEACE be to you in Daughters rise,
Since nane needs now to be a Wife;
Their Tochers winna fash ye:
That universal ane of *Grammond*,
That gaes along with a good Gammond,
Will set aff ilka Lassie.

YET some by your *New Light* will lose;
For those wha Kirk-Affairs engross,
Their Session-Books may burn all.
Since *Fornication's* Pipe's put out,
What will they have to crack about,
Or jot into their Journal?

EVEN fell K. T. that gart us ban,
 And eke, that setting Dog, his Man,
 May turn *Italian* Singers;
 Or use a tough *St. Johnston* Ribbon;
 For now the Gain they were sac glib on,
 Is slipt out of their Fingers.

NAB mair at early Hours, and late,
 Shall they round Bawdy-houses wait,
 Like Cats for stragling Mice;
 Departed is that Fund of Fending,
 When *Fornicators*, for offending,
 They gart pay ony Price.

REJOICE, ye Lads of little Rent,
 Who loo'd the Game, but did lament,
 Your Purfes being skranky,
 The Dearth of *Phorny's* now away,
 Since lawfu', ye have nought to pay,
 But welcome, and we thank ye.

POOR Fornicators, now grown auld,
 Whase Blood begins to creep but cauld,
 Will grumble with Reflection,
 To think what Fashry they gade throw,
 Dear DOCTOR, wanting and like you,
 To give them right Direction.

WHAT say ye for your sells, ye Priests,
 For naming kind *Whoremasters* Beasts,
 When using of their Freedom?
 We hope ye'll cease to take Offence
 At worthy Wives, like *Lucky Spence*,
 Or usefu' Mother *Needham*.

Look up, ye Matrons, if ye can,
 And blest the Reverend pious Man,
 Who proves that your procuring,
 Is now sae far frae being a Crime,
 That Devotees, when past their Prime,
 May lend a Hand to Whoring.

THE FAIR ane, frighted for her Fame,
 Shall, for her Kindness, bear nae Blame,
 Or with Kirk-censure grapple;
 Whilk gart some aft, their leev alane,
 Bring to the Warld the luckless Wean,
 And sneg its Infant-Thrapple.

FOR which, by rude-unhallow'd Fallows;
 They were surrounded to the Gallows,
 Making sad reufu' Murgeons,
 "Till their warm Pulse forgot to play :
 " They sang, they swang, and sank away,
 Syne were gi'en to the Surgeons.

O *Leader*, see that ye be sure
 That 'tis nae Sin to play the Whore;
 For some in haly Station,
 The contrair threep, and fair abuse ye:
 But we'll aft drink your Health and ruse ye,
 For rusing *Fornication*.

WE might forsee, the canker'd *Clergy*

Wad with vile *Hetrodoxy* charge ye,

And cast ye out frae 'mang them;

But that has been the common Fate

Of a' *Reformers*, wha' debate,

Or struggle to o'ergang them.

BUT letna their ill-word disturb ye;

'Tis but a Blast, they canna curb ye,

Or cramp your new Devotions.

A *Briton* free thinks as he likes,

And, as his Fancy takes the Fykes,

May *preach* or *print* his Notions.

BE satisfied, your *Doctrine new*

Will favour find with not a few,

It being sae inviting.

And tho' they kick ye frae their *Kirk*,

For that sma' Skaith ye need not irk,

We'll make ye a bra *Meeting*.

O had we fifty vacant Kirks,
By Pith, or Slight, or ony Quirks,
And we erected Patrons!
Then shou'd you see the Patron Act
Demolish a' the *Marrow Pack*,
And Sessions rul'd by Matrons.

THE fattest Stipend shou'd be thine,
Thou pious and maist pure Divine,
Thy Right is back'd with Reason:
For wha can doubt your Care of Sauls,
Wha loudly for mae Bodies calls,
In this degenerate Season.

BUT nine and forty Pulpits still
Wou'd then remain for you to fill,
Wi' Men of mighty Gifts.

Then, Students, there were Hopes for you,
Wha're of the learn'd Free-thinking Crew,
And now are at your Shifts.

B a

Y o u r

Your *Essay* shaws your Eloquence,
 Your courtly *Stile* and Flow of *Sense*;
 And though some say ye blunder,
 Ye do them sae with *Scripture* pelt,
 They will be forc'd to thumb your Belt
 At last, and a' knock under.

Your *Scheme* must take; for, let me tell ye,
 'Tis a good Trade that fills the Belly,
 The Proverb proves it plainly:
 And to say Goodness is not good,
 Wad shaw a Mind extremely rude,
 To argue sae profanely.

Thou well deserveest *high Promotion*,
 Wha'ft wrote with sic a lively Motion
 Upon *Multiplication*,
 To enrich a Kingdom, better far
 Than that curst *Businels* of War,
 That ushers Desolation.

Doctor

DOCTOR, farewell, O never stint,
 For Love's sweet Sake to preach and print,
 Tho' some with Bedlam shore ye ;
 Do not sma' Punishment regard,
 Since Virtue has its ain Reward,
 In Persecution glory.



*EPISTLE to the Reverend Philo-
 sarchus Minister of the Kirk of Scot-
 land, occasioned by his late Essay,
 proving the Lawfulness of Fornica-
 tion,*

*Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.*

VIRG.

HOW much, O Pastor, do we owe
 Thy Pains and Piety,
 Which covers thus our numerous Crimes,
 And our Iniquity !

WHAT

WHAT Honours wait to crown thy Brow
 And make thy Heart right glad !
 Bastards unborn shall lift thy Praise,
 And Foundlings call thee Dad.

THOU like another *Saturn* bringst
 The Golden Age again;
 Sinners no more shall curse the Land,
 Where 'tis no sin to sin.

O had I *OVID*'s wondrous Quill
 Such Change to represent;
 When every Saint shall Sinner turn,
 And every Sinner Saint.

THEN shall no paultry pocky House
 In Clofs or *Cowgate* be:
 In Turnpike Foot none shall make Love,
 But all shall flock to thee.

THE Pulpit-Desk, Repenting-stool,
 Each Gallery, Pew and Seat,
 Shall all promote the glorious End,
 And serve to prop the State.

THE Treasurer of the Kirk, who now
Behaves himself but queerish,
Shall join his Man with one Accord,
And pimp it for the Parish.

NOR shall the Minister, good Man,
His Stipend lose or Kirk,
Let it be his to say the Grace,
And oversee the Work.

WHEN this thou seest, then thou shalt see,
My Friend, what thou shalt see;
Powder'd Toupees shall grace the Kirk,
And Lords religious be.

NONE shall be to thy Church compell'd,
They'll come without obliging;
Papists and Jews shall change their Minds,
And be of our Religion.

YE Bedrals eke, O hungry Wights,
Your Grumbling shall give o'er;
Silver and Gold your Palms shall grease,
Where Copper serv'd before.

O let not these, most pious Priest,
 Alone imploy thy Care;
 Sinners in Crowds of *highest Rank*
 Aloud demand a Share.

FIND out that Bribe'ry is no Sin,
 Statesmen will thank thee for't:
 Make Lying and Deccit divine,
 Thoult get a Place at Court.

FIND out Injustice to be just,
 The Judges will commend:
 Prove killing Men a gracious Deed,
 The Doctors are your Friend.

Thus shall the People of this Land
 Be from their Terrors freed;
 And every one shall blest the Day
 That thou hast learn'd to read.

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